The LIFE of a Frolickſome Fellow.

IN London my life is a ring of de ight,
In frollcks I keep up the day and the night,
I ſnooze at the Hummums till twelve perhaps later
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the wai er;
Your honour, ſays he, and he tips me a leg,
He brings me my tea, but I ſwallow an egg,
For tea in a morning's a ſloo I renounce,
So I down with a glaſs of the right cherry bounce.

CHORUS.

With ſwearing, rearing, ranting, jaunting, flaſhing,
Smaſhing, ſmacking, crack ng, rumbling, tumbling,
Laughing, quaffing, ſmoaki g, oaking, waggering
flaggering,
So thoughtleſs, ſo knowing, ſo green and ſo mellow,
This, this is the life of a frolickſome fellow.

My phæton I mount and the plebs they all ſtare,
I handle my reins and my elbows I quare,
My ponies ſo plump, and as white as a liy,
Thro' Pall-Mall I ſpank it and up Piccadilly;
Till loſing a wheel, egad; down come I ſmack,
So at knightſbridge I throw myſelf into a hack,
At Tatterſell's fling a leg over my nag,
Thus viſit for dinner, then dreſs in a bag.

I roll round the Garden, and call at th Roſe,
And then at both playhouſes pop in my noſe,
I lounge in the lobby, laugh, ſwear, ſtride, and
ſwagger,
Talk loud, take my money, and out again ſtagger;
I meet at the Shakeſpear a good natur'd ſoul,
Then d wn to our club at S. James's I roll,
The joys of the night are a thouſand at play,
And thus at the finiſh begin the next day.